

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

*Reg.* Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands

You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

*Glon.* I haue a Letter gueslingly set downe  
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning;

*Reg.* And false,

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the King?

*Glon.* To Douer.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Douer?

Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

*Corn.* Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

*Glon.* I am tyed to it: Stake,

And I must stand the Course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Douer?

*Glon.* Because I would not see thy cruell Nailer  
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,  
In his Annoynted flesh, sticke boarish phangs.  
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,  
In Hell-blacke night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp  
And quench'd the Stelled fires:  
Yet poore old heart, he helpe the Heauens to raine.  
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,  
Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:  
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see  
The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y<sup>e</sup> Chaire,  
Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

*Glon.* He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,

Giue me some helpe. — O cruell! O you Gods.

*Reg.* One side will mocke another: Th'other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance.

*Sern.* Hold your hand, my Lord:

I haue seru'd you eu<sup>r</sup> since I was a Childe:

But better seruice haue I neuer done you,

Then how to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dogge?

*Ser.* If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

*Corn.* My Villaine?

*Sern.* Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

*Reg.* Giue me thy Sword. A pezzant stand vp thus?

*Killes him.*

*Ser.* Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left  
To see some mischefe on him. Oh.

*Corn.* Left it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:

Where is thy lustre now?

*Glon.* All darke and comfortlesse?

Where's my Sonne Edmund?

*Edmund.* Enkindle all the sparkes of Nature

To quench this horrid acte.

*Reg.* Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he

That made the oysture of thy Treasons to vs:

Who is too good to pittie thee.

*Glon.* O my Folies! then Edgar was abus'd,

Kind Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

*Reg.* Goshrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Douer.

*Exit with Gloucester.*

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

*Corn.* I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;  
Turne out that eyefesse Villaine: throw this Slaue  
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,  
Vnkinely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,  
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:  
The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,  
Stands still in asperance, liues not in feare:  
The lamentable change is from the best,  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,  
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:  
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

*Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman.*

But who comes heere? My Father poorly led?  
World, World, O world!  
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,  
Life would not yeelde to age.

*Oldm.* O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,  
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

*Glon.* Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
Thee, they may hurt.

*Oldm.* You cannot see your way.

*Glon.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:  
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis scene,  
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects  
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,  
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:  
Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes againe.

*Oldm.* How now? who's there?

*Edg.* O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?  
I am worse then ere I was.

*Old.* 'Tis poore mad Tom.

*Edg.* And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,  
So long as we can say this is the worst.

*Oldm.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glon.* Is it a Beggar-man?

*Oldm.* Madman, and beggar too.

*Glon.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne  
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde  
Was then scarce Friends with him.

I haue heard more since:

As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,  
They kill vs for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,  
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

*Glon.* Is that the naked Fellow?

*Oldm.* I, my Lord.

*Glon.* Get thee away: If for my sake  
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine,  
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,  
And bring some couering for this naked Soule,  
Which Ile intreate to leade me.

*Old.* Alacke sir, he is mad.

*Glon.* 'Tis the times plague,  
When Madmen leade the blinde:  
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:  
About the rest, be gone.

*Oldm.* Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue

Come on't, what will,

*Exit*

*Glon.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

*Glon.* Come hither fellow.

*Edg.* And yet I must:

Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

*Glon.* Know'st thou the way to Douer?

*Edg.* Both stile, and gate; Horfeway, and foot-path:  
poore Tom hath bin scari'd out of his good wits. Blesse  
thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.

*Glon.* Here take this purse, y<sup>e</sup> whom the heau'ns plagues

Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:

Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,

That slaues your ordinance, that will not see

Because he do's not feelee, feelee your powre quickly:

So distribution should vndoo exesse,

And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

*Edg.* I Master.

*Glon.* There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head

Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:

Bring me but to the very brimme of it,

And Ile repaire the misery thou do'st beare

With something rich about me: from that place,

I shall no leading neede.

*Edg.* Giue me thy arme;

Poore Tom shall leade thee.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.*

*Gon.* Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband  
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

*Stew.* Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:

I told him of the Army that was Landed:

He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,

His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,

And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sor,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;

What like, offense.

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further.

It is the Cowish terror of his spirit

That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feelee wrongs

Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way

May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,

Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.

I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe

Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant

Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare

(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)

A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,

Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake

Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:

Conceiue, and fare thee well.

*Bast.* Yours in the ranks of death,

*Gon.* My most deere Gloster.

*Exit.*

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My Foole  
- *Stew.*

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